Por. Goe in *Nerriſſa*.
Giue order to my ſeruants, that they take
no note at all of our being abſent hence,
nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica* nor you.
Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
vve are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.
Por. This night me thinks is but the day light ſicke,
it lookes a little paler, tis a day,
ſuch as the day is when the ſunne is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
if you would walke in abſence of the ſunne.
Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
for a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
and neuer be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
but God ſort all: you are welcome home my Lord.
Baſſ. I thank you Madam, giue welcome to my friend,
this is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
to whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſence be much bound to him,
for as I heare, he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
it muſt appeare in other wayes then words,
therefore I ſcant this breathing curteſie.
Gra. By yonder moone I ſweare you doe me wrong,
infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
vvould he were gelt that had it for my part,
ſince you doe take it Loue ſo much at hart.
Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?
Grati. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
that ſhe did giue me, whoſe poſie was
for all the world like Cutlers poetry
vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*
Ner. What talke you of the poſie or the valew?
You ſwore to me when I did giue you,

that

that you would weare it till your houre of death,
and that it ſhould lie with you in your graue,
though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
you ſhould haue beene reſpectiue and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clarke: no Gods my Iudge,
the Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.
Nerriſſa. I, if a woman liue to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
a kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
no higher then thy ſelfe, the Iudges Clarke,
a prating boy that begd it as a fee,
I could not for my hart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plaine with you,
to part ſo ſlightly with your wiues firſt gift,
a thing ſtuck on with oaths vpon your finger,
and ſo riueted with faith vnto your fleſh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him ſweare
neuer to part with it, and heere he ſtands:
I dare be ſworne for him he would not leaue it,
nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
that the world maſters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
you giue your wife too vnkind a cauſe of griefe,
and twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
and ſweare I loſt the ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio* gaue his ring away
vnto the Iudge that begd it, and indeede
deſeru'd it too: and then the boy his Clarke
that tooke ſome paines in writing, he begd mine,
and neither man nor maſter would take ought
but the two rings.
Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receau'd of me.
Baſſ. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you ſee my finger
hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por.